



## MAINE FARMER

## BETTER THAN WAS EXPECTED.

During the severity of the drought last summer, the prospects of the farmers in Maine were very gloomy, and many a mournful prophecy was uttered, in regard to the probable shortness of the crop at the coming harvest.

Well, the summer is ended and the harvest gathered, and the result proves that the farmers are better off than they expected to be.

Let us enumerate a little. Hay. This crop was secured before the drought began. There has been gathered in Maine, as far as we can learn, more than there was last year, say two-thirds of a usual crop.

Wheat. This crop has come in with bright straw and plump grain, except where the weevil committed ravages. The rust and mildew has not been prevalent at all. Oats are good; not quite so heavy in kernel as in some years, but nevertheless a fair crop.

Rye. This grain is not very extensively cultivated in Maine, but where it was sown, it has yielded a good crop.

Corn. Corn as a general thing has proved a very fair crop, it being very sound and bright, say a two-thirds crop, which is much better than was anticipated.

Potatoes. Potatoes planted on clayey loams have done better, both as to quantity and quality, than they have done for several years. Those planted on sandy soils have been pretty severely pinched, but though small they are of very good quality. The rot has retired for this year at least, and we hope it will stay retired for all coming time. Other roots and garden productions are in general very good.

Apples. We have more than a middling crop of apples, both as to quality and quantity. The little destructive "Palm-worm" which "rid-dled" our orchards last year, has not been seen this year. On the whole, the crops of 1854 in Maine, make up a very fair average, when compared with a series of ten or more years.

What effect the late severe drought may have on the production of our soils next season, we cannot tell. We have often heard the late Major Wood, of Winthrop, remark that a drought was as good as a dressing of manure to the land. If that be true, our soils in Maine have been pretty liberally dressed for the three past summers.

No doubt all these extremes of seasons are intended to work wise and benevolent purposes in the arrangement of Providence.

For the Maine Farmer.

## PLANTING HORSE CHESTNUTS.

Mr. Editor:—Will you have the kindness to inform me through the medium of the Farmer, the right and only correct way to plant what is called the "horse chestnut." I have tried several years to grow them by planting them in the fall, but have always failed, finding the nuts rotten in spring.

Any information will be gratefully received, and perhaps prove useful to others who read the Maine Farmer.

A. L. D.

Bowdoinham, Sept. 15, 1854.

The above communication was submitted to a friend who has handed us the following answer:—

Mr. Editor:—You can inform your Bowdoinham correspondent, that the proper way to plant the nuts of the horse chestnut, (Buck Eye of the West), is to follow the course of nature. Just drop them upon a waste pulverized soil, and slightly mulch them, to keep them moist and from being left bare by the winds. The seeds of all forest trees may be treated in the same way, and always in the autumn. This tree is very ornamental, and the branches of flowers in the spring are splendid, but the fruit is entirely worthless except for the propagation of the species. The common chestnut is of more rapid growth, and if space of 30 or 40 feet is given it, it becomes a more ornamental tree than the buck eye, and valuable for its fruit, which may be looked for in about 8 years from the planting of the seed. The wall nut or shagbark is equally as easily raised, but requires more time—long lived, like all trees with descending roots.

AGRICULTURE.

Augusta, Sept. 18, 1854.

For the Maine Farmer.

## NEW FENCING.

Mr. Editor:—In Frankfort and Prospect a new kind of fence has become common, having grown up from the refuse of the granite quarries, and bolt iron of the ship yards. The materials are 1 or 2 bolt iron for posts, set in stone footings about 3 feet long, split as wide and deep as you please, the larger the footings the steeper will be the fence. The posts pass through the lower rail resting on the stones, and support the upper rail on the top of the posts, being cut to a length to go partly through. To the rails, made of any timber with a straight edge to nail to, and to be nailed sawed slats.

In practice it is found that any kind of large stones will answer, none better than round cobbles stones split and laid down. Where the land will not admit of the rails being laid horizontally straight, or the footings are of an unequal height, and the posts are not all of the same length, some of the posts will run through the upper rail, but the slat will hold the rail in its place. The fence will look better, be stronger, and save iron, it will warrant some expense in preparing, that the posts shall not show above the rail.

If the posts do not feel solid, in the holes drilled in the footings drive in a wedge, or pour in molten bitumens. High footings that raise the bottom rail, strengthen the slats.

Frankfort, Oct. 6, 1854. A. JONES.

## GOOD USE OF TURNIPS AND SALT HAY.

Mr. Editor:—I forward for publication in your paper, a copy of a letter that I used in speaking to the farmers of York County, on the 5th inst. at Biddeford. It contains facts, in my opinion, worthy to be remembered. It is supported by the names of Webster and Sprague—as well entitled to credit in such matters as any I know. Let any one pass from Boston to the Kennebec, and take a glance at the salt marshes by the way, and he will see abundant occasion to seek a valuable use for salt hay, and for the growing of turnips, in these days, when the potato has so generally failed, though I am happy to say that our potatoes the present season, are much better than we had any reason to expect. Eight hundred bushels of turnips to the acre, can be raised as easily as two hundred bushels of potatoes, or as 50 bushels of corn, so far as my observation has extended. I was much pleased with the fine working oxen that I saw at Biddeford; while such animals can be reared on such farms, there can be little necessity of introducing animals from abroad, at three times the cost for which they can be reared.

W. W. PROCTOR.

Danvers, Mass., October 7, 1854.

Hon. J. W. PROCTOR.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your inquiries relative to my experience of the value of turnips and salt hay, I can only say that notwithstanding I have raised from one to two thousand bushels of turnips, beets and carrots, and fed them to my cattle, horses and hogs for several years past, I have no data to estimate the real value, but from a single experiment I made, at the suggestion of the late and lamented Daniel Webster.

Having purchased a number of young cattle from a drove from Maine, and finding a heifer not in calf, and a steer of ordinary quality, I thought I would try what turnips and salt hay would do for them. They were both two years old, the heifer was thrifty and in fair condition for winter stock, the steer a mean animal, thin of flesh, badly built, a poor feeder, and such as most of our farmers in the vicinity would have thought more likely to die than live, on such feed as was used to confine him. On such feed as was used to confine him. On such feed as was used to confine him.

They were put into the stall the latter part of November, and fed on ruta bagas turnips and salt hay. The heifer consumed nearly one bushel per day, the steer not much more than half that quantity. At the end of four months I sold the heifer to the butcher. She opened well but with not a large quantity of fat on the kidney, or of rough tallow, but the side was thick and well marbled, or mixed with fat and lean. The meat was juicy and well flavored, and much admired by all who saw or tasted it. Being fearful the turnips or salt hay might give an unpleasant flavor to the meat, I gave her for four or five days previous to her being slaughtered, English hay and a little Indian meal. With this exception she had not a mouthful of food of any kind but turnips and salt hay. Water was offered them occasionally, but they drank but little. The steer was slaughtered shortly after; he was very decent beef, but no way comparing to the heifer. I was much pleased with the result. Some very intelligent farmers will not believe that turnips possess any nutritive quality, and ridicule the idea that an ounce of fat can be made from them. And the opinion is equally strong, against the fattening quality of hay from our salt marshes. This experiment does not show much profit, but it proves a fact of importance, especially to farmers, in the use of salt hay; and they can raise turnips by their own labor, and thus fatten their cattle intended for the market, avoiding the payment of money for corn or other expensive feed.

Yours, with respect, SETH SPRAGUE.

Duxbury, Mass., Sept. 30, 1854.

NOTE. We are glad to be able to lay the above letters before our readers. They form a testimony in favor of turnips. We have used turnips in fattening cattle with good effect, but they must be given liberally. [Ed.]

For the Maine Farmer.

## LICE ON CARBAGE.

Mr. Editor:—I have a plot of fine cabbages, which, I am sorry to say, are literally covered with lice or vermin. If you or your correspondents will, through the medium of your paper, give a remedy for this evil, one that will destroy the lice without injuring the cabbage, you will greatly oblige, and may expect to receive the sincere thanks of a

AGRICULTURE.

North Dismont, Oct. 9, 1854.

NOTE. Try showering them with a plentiful supply of quassia tea. These lice are a species of aphid. The quassia tea will kill the aphid on the apple tree, perhaps it will those on the cabbage. [Ed.]

Winthrop sent twenty pairs of smart, active, likely oxen, many of which are deserving of great praise, but to particularise would be invidious, and as that is your chairman's native town, it would be invidious to grant her the first premium, and for the want of unanimity of the committee, we grant you none by the way of dollars and cents, but promise you an abundance of good wishes and gentle blows.

Wayne presented thirty five pairs, and as she is not fond of flattery, we might as well say that her oxen were hardly less deserving, though numerous, to entitle her to a premium; it is long enough for one town to hold within her borders the best cattle show the State ever saw.

Fayette turned out forty-one pairs of oxen, such as are oxen; sixteen pairs ranged considerably over seven feet in girth, including sixteen pairs of four year olds, "alike, straight and handsome. As she was selected last year by her rival, she has this year turned out with renewed strength and vigor to renew the contest, and the committee, though not unanimously, are of the opinion that she stands victor of the field, and in lieu of her old rival, Redfield, to contend against, her more youthful neighbor, East Livermore, has taken up the gauntlet, and though low in numbers has disputed manfully, and come out nearly neck and neck in the race. To Fayette we would say you have hardly earned your honor, and we award to you the society's first reward.

East Livermore presented twenty-nine pairs, fourteen of which were but four years old, better cattle pastures never fed, combining strength, shape and beauty. Two pairs girthed seven and a half feet, belonging to James Ford and Leonard Hinds, particularly attracted our notice—they were huge monsters, wallowing in their own grease, and combined, as Daniel Webster said of Bunker Hill monument, durability and solidity, and we risk the assertion that in time of trial they will not be found wanting. As East Livermore falls behind Fayette in numbers, we can but award her the second premium.

Readfield, though in the ascendant last year, has, we regret to say, dropped down a peg or two, this year her cattle were large, handsome, and soggy, and many of them had seen hard labor under the yoke, the present season, which prevented their sides feeling "soft as downy pillows are." She presented nineteen pairs, averaging about seven feet, one pair girthed seven feet ten inches, owned by Mr. Elisha Kent, were the largest on the ground, serving as butt-ends to make up in weight what the team lacked in numbers—but as every body knows that Elisha Kent always has good oxen, to praise them, as Shakespeare says, is superfluous, and ridiculous. When Readfield, Fayette, and East Livermore are competitors in the field, Wayne, Winthrop, Mt. Vernon, and some lesser lights, which have been snuffed out, must yield the palm. To Readfield we award the third premium.

Near the close of our duties, we thought we discovered symptoms of uneasiness among the knights of the goad. The mystery was solved at the sound of the bugle, by men and oxen repairing to their fodder, leaving your committee in full possession of the field, and nearly alone in their glory, and so, deeming discretion the better part of valor, we followed suit, believing that the replenishing the inner man was more essential than the rewards of merit. Yet we were not unprepared, for after Foss's vials and the Society's hay had met their fate, we returned to the charge, and found East Livermore again coming into line, with forces somewhat diminished, but we thought we saw enough to warrant us in granting her the second premium—had she retained her place in full feather, who knows but what she would have overtopped her competitor? We will simply add the couplet,

"Ho ho fight and run away,  
May live to fight another day."

All which is respectfully submitted.

JOHN MAR, per order.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

We cannot do the readers of the Farmer a greater favor than that of spreading before them well written articles on the subject indicated by the above title. The following, which we transfer to our columns from the New York Tribune, is eminently suggestive of facts that should be familiar, to intelligent cultivators of the soil, as household words.

Cincinnatus, of all the heroes of antiquity, is the character who has most cast his influence over modern times, and is quoted for imitation. The glory of a Cincinnatus, however, was based upon a simple economic law of the State in which he lived, no Roman at that time being allowed to hold more than seven acres of ground, and that obliged him to cultivate his own estate with his own hands—to be a practical, working farmer.

Although the age was deemed barbarous, yet such a system almost forbade slavery, and, continued, would have extinguished it; for only in fifteen of the population was held in bondage. When, however, these early simplicities were destroyed, and conquest and annexation became the shibboleth of party, no second Cincinnatus appeared, and slaves grew to be one-half of the population, and were only held in subjugation by armies which eventually ruined the empire.

From the Punic War to the present day, the condition of a European farmer deriving his civilization mainly through the Roman conquest has more resembled that he held under the Decline and Fall of Rome than under the Cincinnatus age. The result is that the great mass of European cultivators are serfs or slaves, and it is held to be sufficient in Europe that the plowman should not know much more than the horses he drives—his business being to work in the circle of low and blind routine, ignorant of the economy of the planet whence he draws his daily bread. The exception to this is the gentleman farmer, the personage who has generally a house in London or Paris, Berlin or St. Petersburg, and occupies himself with a sort of dilettante superintendence over his broad acres in the same way the planter looks after his slaves.

But to the disgrace of gentlemen farmers, it is not the hereditary owners of the soil who make speeches at fairs upon the dignity of farming, at the same time taking good care never to put their hands to the plowshare, and despising all labor, whether agricultural or mechanical—it is not to these that agriculture is indebted for its most salient improvements and promises—but to the razor-strop maker, Mehl of London, who, diverting his gains from his trade, turned them into high farming, and astonished and delighted the lords of the soil with his productions and successes.

The prevalent ignorant boorishness and stupidity of the practical agriculturists—the veritable laborers of Europe—is of course vastly changed in this country; and without praising farmers as do politicians seeking their votes, we may say that the intelligence of many American agriculturists is quite a contrast to the want of that commodity in Europe, and its existence to its present extent induces us to offer a few words on the necessity of educating our farmers in a scientific manner for their beneficent calling.

It may as well be candidly confessed that up till a very recent period there has been little or no curiosity among our farmers respecting the great laws of Nature, which in various forms of geology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, dynamics, physiology and meteorology—underlie the fruitful prosecution of agriculture. The European peasant's traditions and mere routine have, taken up the gauntlet, and though low in numbers has disputed manfully, and come out nearly neck and neck in the race.

To Fayette we would say you have hardly earned your honor, and we award to you the society's first reward.

East Livermore presented twenty-nine pairs, fourteen of which were but four years old, better cattle pastures never fed, combining strength, shape and beauty. Two pairs girthed seven and a half feet, belonging to James Ford and Leonard Hinds, particularly attracted our notice—they were huge monsters, wallowing in their own grease, and combined, as Daniel Webster said of Bunker Hill monument, durability and solidity, and we risk the assertion that in time of trial they will not be found wanting. As East Livermore falls behind Fayette in numbers, we can but award her the second premium.

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## KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

## REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Butter, Cheese and Bread.

Mr. President:—You and the members of this Society will be pleased to learn that your committee are prepared to make a very favorable report on butter and cheese.

There were fifteen entries of butter, from 30 to 60 lbs. each, and we are happy to say that there was not a single lot which was decidedly imperfect. From so many good lots, it was difficult to determine which was the best. Each lady deserved a premium for the excellent lot of butter which she presented, and your committee would have rendered a verdict accordingly, if they could have acted "by authority."

The butter in color, sweetness, and flavor, was as good as we ever saw, and reflected great honor upon the wives and daughters of our farmers.

After several hours of careful examination, your committee agreed to award the premiums of the society as follows:—

First premium to Mrs. David French, of Mt. Vernon, \$5.00.

Second premium to Mrs. E. Farnham, of Winthrop, \$4.00.

First premium on June butter, to Mrs. Lewis Wood, of Winthrop, \$4.00.

Second premium on June butter, to Mrs. Hannah S. Stone, of Mt. Vernon, \$3.00.

First premium on September butter, to Mrs. Hannah S. Stone, of Mt. Vernon, \$4.00.

Second premium on September butter, to Mrs. Joseph F. Jennings, of N. Wayne, \$3.00.

Your Committee award the first premium on cheese, to Mrs. Lewis Wood, of Winthrop, \$3.00.

Second premium on cheese, to Miss M. M. Hubbard, of Fayette, \$2.00.

There were but three loaves of bread, but if the price of flour and corn should decline, we hope that a greater number will be presented at the next fair, "for what are these among so many!"

We award to Mrs. J. F. Jennings, of Wayne, for a loaf of rye and Indian bread, \$1.00.

To Mrs. A. Fairbanks, of Augusta, for a loaf of unbolted wheat bread, \$1.00.

To Mrs. A. Fairbanks, of Augusta, for a loaf of flour bread, \$1.00.

We would tender our thanks to the ladies for their liberal contribution of butter and cheese. We should have been much gratified were we each have taken to our homes a winter supply, a thing which we hope to be able to do, should so favorable an opportunity again present itself.

Respectfully submitted,

H. M. KATON, Chairman.

On Fruit.

Your committee report that many fine specimens of celebrated varieties of apples, especially of two varieties of pears, but none of grapes or plums, were presented.

We award the first premium on winter apples to Squire Bishop, for best specimens of the Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, Black Oxford, and R. I. Greening.

The second premium to Jos. Jennings, for do. The premium on fall fruit, to D. M. Watson, for best varieties of Gravenstein, Winthrop Greening, and Twenty Ounce Apple.

The first premium on pears to F. B. Leonard, and the second to Jos. Jennings, varieties not known.

Your committee, perhaps, from personal experience, might say something on varieties and cultivation of fruit, but for fear that their report may, as formerly, be lost on the President's table, or scissored in the Maine Farmer Office, further say not.

M. B. SEARS.

D. M. WATSON.

On Town Teams.

Your committee on town teams have the pleasure of announcing, for the information of the public, and the gratification of themselves, that the exhibition of oxen far exceeded their expectations.

Old Kennebec, if possible excelled herself, and consequently beat the State. More men and oxen, steers and boys, horses and cows, pigs, hens, and gentlemen cows, never before congregated on the fair fields of our own beloved county, commingling without jealousy, and greeting with filial love, and "still order reigned in Warfare." Not less than six hundred cattle grazed the field, with rounded proportions, nostrils extended, ribs loaded with fatness, and their sleek coats glistening in the sun. Man himself feels better, lives faster, and talks louder in company with these giants of the barnyard, than when surrounded, in ox parlance, by those little men, nearly garlickish with noses run into the ground, and which when viewed by moonlight, like the ghosts of Ossian, would fade away.

There were presented for our examination, five teams, coming from the towns of Winthrop, Wayne, East Livermore, and of course Fayette and Readfield, numbering nearly three hundred oxen, whose average girth was but little short of seven feet.

Winthrop sent twenty pairs of smart, active, likely oxen, many of which are deserving of great praise, but to particularise would be invidious, and as that is your chairman's native town, it would be invidious to grant her the first premium, and for the want of unanimity of the committee, we grant you none by the way of dollars and cents, but promise you an abundance of good wishes and gentle blows.

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It may as well be candidly confessed that up till a very recent period there has been little or no curiosity among our farmers respecting the great laws of Nature, which in various forms of geology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, dynamics, physiology and meteorology—underlie the fruitful prosecution of agriculture. The European peasant's traditions and mere routine have, taken up the gauntlet, and though low in numbers has disputed manfully, and come out nearly neck and neck in the race.

To Fayette we would say you have hardly earned your honor, and we award to you the society's first reward.

East Livermore presented twenty-nine pairs, fourteen of which were but four years old, better cattle pastures never fed, combining strength, shape and beauty. Two pairs girthed seven and a half feet, belonging to James Ford and Leonard Hinds, particularly attracted our notice—they were huge monsters, wallowing in their own grease, and combined, as Daniel Webster said of Bunker Hill monument, durability and solidity, and we risk the assertion that in time of trial they will not be found wanting. As East Livermore falls behind Fayette in numbers, we can but award her the second premium.

Readfield, though in the ascendant last year, has, we regret to say, dropped down a peg or two, this year her cattle were large, handsome, and soggy, and many of them had seen hard labor under the yoke, the present season, which prevented their sides feeling "soft as downy pillows are." She presented nineteen pairs, averaging about seven feet, one pair girthed seven feet ten inches, owned by Mr. Elisha Kent, were the largest on the ground, serving as butt-ends to make up in weight what the team lacked in numbers—but as every body knows that Elisha Kent always has good oxen, to praise them, as Shakespeare says, is superfluous, and ridiculous. When Readfield, Fayette, and East Livermore are competitors in the field, Wayne, Winthrop, Mt



AUGUSTA:  
THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1884.

## TRIP TO FRANKLIN—No. 8.

The Sandy River which is a very important tributary of the Kennebec, is made up by the union of two branches, or streams, which arise at the foot of the chain of mountains known by the name of Abram and Saddleback. The Eastern branch was the one we proposed to explore. After equipping ourselves with a "quantum sufficit" of supplies for one day, and were faithfully stowed in knapsack, and shouldered by our host Mr. Prescott, Jr., we started for the "high timber," which was within a couple of miles of Mr. Prescott's mill. On arriving at the last house, and which by the way was a school house, (thus making, in this location at least, the last and the first house, according as you leave or enter civilized life, a school house,) we followed a logging road about a mile, and then varying our course westwardly about a mile more, we came down to the bed of the river. The bed, where we entered it, was a mass of granite boulders of every form, size, and dimensions, worn smooth by the action of the water which had flowed over them, for aught that we know, long ages before the great flood we read of. As the water was very low we passed up the middle of the river, by stepping easily from rock to rock having occasionally to walk a short distance on the margin of the rock, when we found the distance between boulders a little too great for our pedals to span. As we proceeded up, the boulders began to grow larger and larger, and nearer to each other, and the banks on each shore to grow higher, and close in higher to the river, sometimes rising almost perpendicularly, their sides presenting crags and disjointed fragments of rock threatening to tumble upon our heads if we did not hurry past them.

At one place on the eastern bank, we came to a spot where the bank rose up almost perpendicularly, we should judge seventy or eighty feet, and over its brow was leaning a beautiful cascade of water which came from some rivulet far beyond.

In the spring of the year, when the waters are abundant this must form a very picturesque fall resembling those of Montserrat in miniature. Proceeding along a short distance further and you perceive the river to grow more and more narrow, and the high banks to close in, with their craggy cliffs more compactly, until you find yourself in the midst of an immense flood or trough as it were, the bottom of which is but twenty or thirty feet wide, and the sides stretching up at a great elevation than any you have passed. The bottom and the sides of this trough are formed of solid granite. That part in the river which forms the flooring of this gorge, is worn smooth on the surface, but full of holes, some of them of great depths and of different sizes, from six inches to two or three feet in diameter, caused as is usual in such cases, by the ceaseless whirling of stones round and round by the eddying flood, as it pushes its way through a crowded space.

This trough or flume is made by a spur of Saddleback Mountain, which bears off easterly from the main body, and at some time or other has completely dammed the water above, which must have formed a lake of no inconsiderable size. How it ever burst away this barrier, is more than we can tell. That it has done this is evident to every one. In a different formation such as that of slate, or sandstone, or limestone, it is very easy to see that by the constant disintegration of its stratified or more yielding parts, the water in time will wear it away and form a channel by its ordinary current, but how it could thus burst a way through a mountain of granite—and that granite too the most compact and unyielding variety, and of adamantine hardness, is not easy to account for.

As you pass up through the flume the boulders grow less numerous, the land on the banks sink gradually lower, and you finally come to what may be called the upper basin, many miles in extent, covered with heavy timber, and containing much good soil. This basin is formed by a curve in the mountain ranges of Abram and Saddleback, which bend away northwesterly, nearly to Dead River, and then southwesterly, gradually sinking down as the range approaches Dead River, affording a very convenient pass for a road through to that section of the country, which road ought to have been made long ago. Continuing our walk up stream we came to a large dam which was built some years ago, by Johnson and others, who were then lumbering in that region, with the design of controlling the water, and letting it down at their own convenience in receding lumber. It was partly built on sandy ground, and the water working under "blowed," as they call it, and proved to be a failure.

A flock of Moose had just left the premises, as their recent footprints and brownings of the grass and bushes plainly indicated.

The pine in this region has been pretty well thinned out by the restless Yankees, but there are still immense quantities of hard wood timber, which, if it could be brought out easily, would supply the ship yards on tide waters for a long series of years, but which is now perfectly useless, unless it be to form shade and shelter for wild animals. A railroad as far as Phillips would make it all available, and of course valuable. Having made what observations we could, we returned.

The next day we took a short excursion up Perham's stream—the doctor with an eye for lumber, and we for minerals. The doctor has a good eye for lumber and can discern a pine as far as a hawk can a chicken. The same spur of the mountain which obstructed the waters of the Sandy, westerly from this, also extends across this stream but with comparatively small elevation, but there has been the same geological disturbance, and breaking up of solid granite, the fragments, and splinters, and boulders, of which lie around in glorious confusion over a portion of the stream.

Returning from this route we picked up our "kay"—took leave of our hospitable friends, and away for the "gold diggings." These are in the same town (Madrid), on the Sandy River, an account of which we will give you next week.

THANKSGIVING. Gov. Crosby and Council have set apart Thursday, Nov. 30, as the day for this great New England festival. The proclamation will be found in another column.

In Maryland the Governor has appointed the 23d of November as a day of Thanksgiving. This good old Puritan observance is spreading, and, before many years, it will have become universal throughout the Union.

## CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR OF KENNEBEC AG. SOCIETY.

The twenty-third Annual Exhibition and Fair, was held at Wayne Village, on Wednesday and Thursday last week. It was one of the best which this Society has had. The numbers and excellence of the cattle, especially the oxen, were equal to any exhibition of former years, and notwithstanding the severe drought that has prevailed, they appeared in excellent order. The arrangements and fixtures do the people of Wayne much credit. The test prepared for the exhibition of manufactured articles was convenient and commodious, and we are happy to state that there was good improvement manifested in this department.

The dinner, prepared by Mr. Foss, was first-rate, and the Society expressed their appreciation of its excellence by the eagerness with which they discussed its provisions.

Hon. S. P. Benson, of Winthrop, being called up, made a short but very appropriate speech at the table. The drawing match in the afternoon, as usual, excited much attention. The products of the dairy were better than for some former years, and the specimens of fruit and vegetables were splendid.

On Thursday, after the plowing match, which was spirited and closely contested, the society repaired to the church and listened to an excellent address by Sidney Perkins, Esq., of Woodstock, Oxford Co. We shall publish it in the Farmer soon. The weather was very fine; the concourse of people was large and all seemed to enjoy themselves, and every thing passed off peacefully and happily. We are happy to state that there was a large accession of members, and that the future prospects of the society are bright.

## THE PASSENGERS BY THE ARCTIC.

The New York papers give some interesting information respecting the passengers lost in the Arctic, and we copy the following abstract from the Traveller:

Edward Sanford, one of the passengers supposed to have been lost, was a lawyer of distinction in N. Y., and brother of the late Judge Sanford of the Superior Court of N. Y. He was about 45 years old. He left for Europe on the 24th of July, with his wife and six children, in the packet ship Mercury, of the Havre line. On her passage out the ship encountered an iceberg, and was so seriously injured as to place the passengers and crew in considerable peril. Mr. Sanford was returning to N. Y. alone, having left his family at housekeeping in Paris, where they were to remain for three years, to give the children the advantages of a continental education—if any there are. After the disaster, Mr. Sanford was returning from a brief excursion in Europe. Both are supposed to be lost. Mr. Cuthbert, the well known artist, who painted the magnificent panorama of Jerusalem, and was the companion and draughtsman of the traveller Stephens, in Mexico and Central America, was on board the Arctic, and is among the missing.

Henry Reed, late Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Pennsylvania, is among the missing. He was an accomplished and elegant scholar, an admirable correspondent, a warmhearted, and editor of his work. His wife's sister was with him. Duc de Grammont, was a young French nobleman, only 21 years of age, an attaché of the French Embassy at Washington. He was only at the last moment that he was able to leave Paris to embark in the Arctic after having been detained by various obstructions several months. Mahlon Day, who, with his wife and daughter is supposed to be lost, was an old and respectable printer and publisher in N. Y., and was one of the founders of the N. Y. Sun.

## SEBASTOPOL TAKEN.

IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE. The steamship Baltic arrived at New York on Monday night, bringing the news of the capture of Sebastopol by the Allies. The Russian loss was 18,000 killed and wounded, and 22,000 taken prisoners. The telegraph also announces the surrender of Prince Menschikov.

MAINE PEOPLE ON THE ARCTIC. But very few natives of this State were on the Arctic. The Portland Advertiser states that Mr. Nathan Babcock, who was returning, with his wife and son, from a pleasure trip in Europe, was a wealthy merchant in New York City, but a native of Portland, where he formerly resided. The Argus states that Capt. Pratt, of North Yarmouth, with his wife and son, was also on board the Arctic. He was master of the ship Penobscot, which, not long since, was abandoned at sea, and he and crew being taken off by a vessel going into Liverpool.

We also notice a statement in the Bangor Mercury, to the effect that Mrs. E. K. Collins, was a native of Hallowell, and her maiden name was Wingate. This is a mistake, and probably originated from the fact that a brother of Mr. Collins married a Hallowell lady, a Miss Nason.

ANOTHER PRISONER GONE. Mr. Jesse Robison, one of the early settlers of the town of Union, died last week, aged 95 years. He came to that town during the Revolution, and has there passed a long life in the quiet discharge of his duties as a man and a citizen. A correspondent says of him:

"The lamp of life grew dimmer and dimmer, till at last it went gently out, without a struggle. He was one of whom it may well be said he never had a sick day in his life. He came from Massachusetts at the age of 17, cleared a little spot in the wilderness, has lived to see it flourish beneath the hand of cultivation, and at last breathed sweetly out, there, his earthly existence. We trust to meet him in that home where sin and sorrow come no more."

BANK FAILURES. During the past week there have been two bank failures in this State. The first was the Ellsworth Bank, and the second the Shipbuilders' Bank, Rockland. We see it is stated by a correspondent of the Boston Journal that the suspension of the Ellsworth Bank was consequent upon the failure of Charles Cooper & Co., shipbuilders of Bangor, whose liabilities are \$80,000, and whose failure was occasioned by the failure of a Boston firm, for whom they had endorsed. The Ellsworth Bank is closed, the President awaiting the fate of another house in Bangor.

BIG APPLE. The biggest apple we have seen for many a day, was sent us a few days since by Mr. Thomas C. Norris, of Vienna. Its weight, when picked, was 19 ounces, and it measures 14 inches in circumference. It would make a comfortable meal for a small family. It grew in the orchard of Mr. Geo. B. Whittier, Vienna, and we submit he is entitled to the credit of raising the biggest apple on record, this year, in this State—if not, bring on a bigger one.

KENNEBEC TELEGRAPH COMPANY. The annual meeting of this company was held at Hallowell, on Friday last, when the following gentlemen were chosen a Board of Directors for the ensuing year:—H. B. Hoskins, Gardiner; J. E. Smith, A. Masters, Hallowell; Wm. F. Morrill, Wm. Caldwell, Augusta.

This company have declared a dividend of 8 per cent. the past year, and we understand, have a reserved fund on hand, of some \$300.

GOOD APPLES. We acknowledge the receipt of some very large fair apples, from Mr. Silas Leighton, of this city. They were a decided treat to the type.

CROWDED TYPE. Several notices of Cattle Shows, and other articles, prepared for this week's paper, are obliged to defer until our next.

## THE LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP ARCTIC.

The past week has brought us the particulars of one of the most dreadful calamities that has ever fallen to our lot to record. The noble steamship Arctic, with upwards of 400 souls on board has been run into and sunk, with a loss of over 300 lives. The particulars, and of the narrative of one of the passengers, and of the second mate, will be found in another place. We offer no apology for the space which the account occupies,—none will be called for, as every one feels a melancholy interest in reading the most minute particulars of this terrible disaster.

The name of the vessel which ran into the Arctic, was not given in the first report of the disaster, and serious fears were entertained that it was the Cleopatra, from Quebec, with a regiment of soldiers, 500 strong, on board, and that she was lost with all her passengers. Happily this proves not to be the case. The vessel was a French screw steamer, the Vesta, which, by throwing overboard a portion of her cargo, and cutting away her foremast, succeeded in reaching St. John's on the morning of the 30th ult. Her bows were much shattered by the collision, and she reports having lost thirteen of her crew.

A most noticeable feature in this sad account is the fact that, so far, not a single lady or child has been saved, and, of those saved, by far the greater part were officers or crew belonging to the Arctic. Notwithstanding the positive statement that Mrs. Collins was drowned, we see that, from the statements of some of the passengers, hopes are entertained that she, with many other ladies may yet be saved. A despatch from New York, under date of October 12, says:—

"After carefully sifting all the testimony bearing upon the late frightful disaster to the steamship Arctic, the agents of the company here entertain strong hopes, amounting almost to certainty, that Mrs. Collins and a large number of other ladies were placed in one of the boats, under the immediate supervision of Capt. Luce, and there appears to be strong reasons for believing that the three missing boats, with many more passengers, will eventually be heard from."

The Boston Journal of Saturday gives the following statement of the number of persons aboard of the Arctic, and the number saved. A despatch to New York stated that the Vesta had picked up 51 of the crew of the Arctic, but the Journal thinks this doubtful, as the St. Johns papers make no mention of her rescuing any of Arctic's passengers. If, continues the Journal, the despatch in the New York papers is correct, the total number saved is as follows:—

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Arrived at New York in the Lebanon,  | 18  |
| Arrived at Halifax by the Huron,   | 14  |
| Arrived at Halifax and forwarded by the Europa,                                      | 45  |
| Rescued by the Vesta,  | 31  |
| Total,   | 108 |
| Subtracting the number reported saved by the Vesta, and the number is seventy-seven. |     |
| Total number of passengers on board the Arctic,                                      | 226 |
| Officers and crew,   | 175 |
| Total,   | 401 |
| Saved,   | 77  |
| Missing,   | 324 |

Of course in this dreadful disaster, many incidents occurred of a most thrilling interest, but we have space to record but a very few. The Boston Journal says:—

The heartlessness of the under officers and crew in deserting the passengers, is in marked contrast to the noble conduct of a young man named Stuart Holland, whose father is Sergeant-at-Arms of one of the Houses of Congress. One of the survivors says: "He could not be induced to leave the ship; his post was at the gun, firing signals; he kept firing the gun till the vessel sunk; we saw him in the very act of being as the vessel sank, and he was in the water." It is also mentioned that Thomas Brennan had an opportunity to be saved in the Chief Engineer's boat, but he had charge of a boy named McLaughlin, whom he would not abandon. Both were saved in the third mate's boat. It is said a gentleman threw a heavy purse of gold from the ship to the boy after he got into the boat.

Patrick Collins says: "When I first attempted to leave, the captain caught me, and tore the shirt off my back to prevent my going, exclaiming, 'Let the passengers go in the boat.' He also seized the passengers, and prevented the firemen reaching the boat; but I was every one for himself, and no more attention was paid to the captain than to any other man on board. Life was as sweet to us as to others."

The St. Johns Ledger, of Oct. 3d, gives us the following particulars with regard to the Vesta:

She had 147 passengers and a crew of 50 men. She left St. Peter's Sept. 20th, and at the time of the collision was making 12 knots, and eight knots. The rate of speed of the Arctic is stated in the account, at twelve knots. After the collision the Vesta appeared to be sinking, but soon rose again. One man on board of her was instantly killed, and others severely wounded when the vessels came together. Two boats put away from the propeller when she was supposed to be sinking, one of which was swamped, as stated by the passengers of the Arctic. The other deserted contrary to orders. Immediately after the collision, Captain Duchesne noticed that the bulkhead of his vessel was not started, and he proceeded to lighten his vessel by the head by throwing overboard all the cargo and luggage, and then he saw a sail, and raised this. This elevation, with the firmness of the bulkhead, contributed much to stop the heavy rush of water. About 150 mattresses, pillows, and other effects of the crew and passengers were thrown overboard, and the vessel was kept afloat by the buoyancy of these. This occupied two days. They then run under small steam for the nearest port (St. John's), which they entered on the 30th, most providentially before the rising of a severe gale which blew on that day.

With respect to the cause of this collision, the press seem to concur in attributing it to the fact that a high rate of speed was maintained during a dense fog, and that proper precaution was not taken, no bell being rung, or whistle blown. We can but hope that this disaster, so terrible as it is, may yet prove not entirely without profit to the community, by inducing a spirit of greater caution and carefulness on the part of ocean steamers when running under like circumstances.

LATER—GOOD NEWS. Since the above was written, we have received the cheering intelligence of the safety of Capt. Luce, with several of the passengers and crew of the Arctic. The statement of Capt. L. will be looked for with the most intense interest.

The particulars of Capt. Luce's rescue will be found in another column. It will be seen that this intelligence puts an end to the hopes that were entertained of the safety of Mr. Collins' family. They went down with the ship.

THIRTY DALLIES. We inspected a lot of thirty dallies, in the yard of Mr. A. Gaubert, a few days since, which were in a highly flourishing condition. On five stalks were no less than two hundred and forty buds and blossoms, some of the blossoms being fully equal to anything of the kind that we have seen this year.

## GATHERING NEWS FRAGMENTS, &amp;c.

Important Indian Treaty. The Lake Superior Journal of the 30th ult. learns that a treaty was about being concluded with the Chippewa Indians, for the delivery to the United States government of all their lands located eastward of the Mississippi river. These lands include the American portion of the north shore of Lake Superior, a region of immense wealth. If the treaty is consummated, it is the intention of government to provide reservations for the Indians, with a view to their civilization.

Fire in Oxford. The dwelling house and barn of Seth T. Holbrook, Esq., in Oxford, (Craig's Mills) were destroyed by fire some time last week. The fire was seen in the barn first, and it rapidly extended to the house. The buildings were partially insured. Mr. Holbrook's loss is, however, very severe.

Storm on Lake Superior. A severe storm occurred at Ontonagon, Lake Superior, on the 3d instant. About 400 feet of the pier was carried away, together with a large amount of freight up on it, which had just been discharged from the propeller Peninsula, and steamer Samuel Ward, including some machinery for the National Lead Mine, and supplies for the Ohio Trap Rock Co. Church was blown from its position. The S. Ward and Baltimore were safe at Fond du Lac and La Pointe.

Brown turned Burglar. A bear weighing 500 pounds was killed, recently, says the Bangor Whig, at the lumber camp of Mr. E. Longfellow, on the Machias river. He had been in the habit of pillaging the storehouse of the lumbermen, during their temporary absence,—helping himself to flour, mauls, butter, pork, &c., with the utmost freedom. He was particularly sweet on the molasses; but in addition to a whole hog of this article, he had made away with two barrels of flour, a skin of butter, and a large quantity of pork.

Fire. The blacksmith shop belonging to Mr. Ebenezer Hobbs in Norway, and occupied by E. Moore for the Ford and Moore Museum, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last, about one o'clock. The occupants lost their tools, and there were one or two carriages in the shop to be ironed, belonging to Mr. J. R. Blake. Loss not ascertained.

Rare Birds. Two specimens of the American Osprey—male and female—were recently killed near Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and prepared by E. Moore for the Ford and Moore Museum. They are described by Mr. M. as four and a half feet long, and five feet in height, with bill six inches long, straight and very sharp. They resemble in most points the osprey of Africa. Mr. Moore has been offered \$1,000 for them, but refuses to sell. He is about to make a tour on the far western prairies, hoping to meet with other varieties.

New Whaling Depot on the Pacific Coast. The San Francisco Price Current says that it is not improbable that a whaling depot will be established at Puget's Sound, Washington Territory, particularly in case of the annexation or cession to our government of the Sandwich Islands. The whalers say that the Sound possesses every advantage boasted by the Islands, besides being some 1,500 to 2,000 miles nearer to the fishing ground. Spars, too, of the finest quality can be procured there at the ship's side, whereas they have all to be imported into Honolulu and Lahaina, commanding, consequently in many instances, exorbitant prices.

Loss of Life. The schooner Eger bound from Chicago to Buffalo, with 12,000 bushels of wheat, was totally lost at Little Traverse Bay, during a gale on Tuesday or Wednesday, (3d or 4th Oct.), with a part of her crew, including her captain. The number of lives lost has not yet been ascertained.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE K. & P. RAILROAD. A brakeman on the morning train for Portland, on Saturday last, when approaching the bridge at Topsham, put his head out at the side of the car to ascertain the position of the train. He was brought into contact with the bridge with such force as to fracture his skull. He was also otherwise seriously injured. At the last accounts, (Monday morning), he was alive, and there are some hopes of his recovery. His name was Tewksbury, and his parents reside in Portland.

RAILWAY MAP. The publishers of the Portland "State of Maine" newspaper have sent us a copy of the map published by them, which shows at a glance the different lines of railroads in New England, and the Canada, and the commercial position of Portland, and its connections by steamboat and railway with Europe, the British Provinces and the United States. It will be found very convenient for reference, though there are some mistakes in it—unavoidable, perhaps.

LATE DALLIES. Our neighbor F. Wingate has a damson plum tree from which he gathered this day, 17th, some fine plums. This is looking on pretty late considering the frosts we have had. They were sweet and good, as also were some Isabella grapes which he gathered the same day.

RAIN. On Saturday night, and throughout the day and night of Sunday, the weather was rainy. Water is very much needed now. The streams are so low that it is with great difficulty the paper mills can get water enough to enable them to meet their contracts.

## NEW STREETS IN AUGUSTA.

Several years ago, there was a street located by the selectmen from the Kennebec Bridge, southerly, back of the stores, and between them and the river, across the wharves. This was a necessary addition to the wharves, and a better facility for handling heavy goods to and from the wharves. This location was accepted by town meeting, but afterwards the damages adjudged to land owners were so large that the selectmen were obliged to rescind the order. Her spring, private individuals, with the consent of the land owners, contributed to build this road for ten years, and it was built and used, and contributed largely to change the center of trade from the town landing to the end of the bridge, increased the rental value of real estate at that end of the street, and gave general satisfaction to the citizens. This ten years expired last spring, and the road fell into disuse. Last May it was located again by the city, and damages were allowed to the amount of \$800 to the land owners. They were dissatisfied with this amount, and appealed and had a jury, which was held at the Court House last Monday. We have received an intimation that the whole amount of damages awarded by the jury will probably fall short of the amount allowed by the city, although not distributed in the same way. We cannot but hope that these damages will be properly paid, and that the road will be built this fall, that we may have the benefit of it for winter use. The public interest would seem to demand that this road be made immediately.

[Kennebec Journal.]

THE MORMONS SETTLING IN KANSAS. The Alton Courier states that the Mormons contemplate forming a settlement in Kansas. A delegation from Alton, to be joined by others at St. Louis, making in all about 200 families, was preparing to start. The spot selected for settlement is in the interior, about 100 miles from the town of Kansas. The object is to form a stopping place for the poorer class of Mormon emigrants, where they may rest and recruit, before proceeding to Salt Lake City. The informant of the Courier thinks they will not be molested, as they are opposed to slavery, and their influence will be in favor of making Kansas a free State.

## DREADFUL CALAMITY!

## Sinking of the Collins Steamship Arctic, and Loss of Upwards of 300 Lives!

The fate of the ocean steamer Arctic, which left Liverpool on the 20th ult., with about 250 passengers and a crew numbering in all 175 persons, which has been discussed in all quarters with interest and anxiety from the moment that she was first understood to be out of time, was fearfully revealed yesterday morning, by a report by telegraph from New York that she had sunk in collision with another steamer and had sunk, with a large portion of her passengers. The news came at a time when there was a universal inquiry whether anything had been "heard from the Arctic," and was received with general sensations of sorrow, and of painful curiosity with regard to the circumstances connected with the disaster.

The first report relating to the loss came from New York, where a pilot boat had arrived with 18 persons, who had taken passage in the Arctic at Liverpool and had fortunately been saved to tell the story of the danger and escape. They constituted a portion of the crew of one of the boats of the Arctic which had been picked up by bark Huron, of St. Andrews, Capt. Wall, bound to Quebec, and were afterwards transferred to ship Lebanon, Capt. Storey. The Lebanon was bound from Quebec to Baltimore, and put into New York harbor to land the Arctic survivors.

Mr. Geo. H. Burns, Express messenger of Adams & Co., was on board the Lebanon, and makes the following statement of the loss of the Arctic by Mr. Baillan, 24 officer, appeared in an extract of the Ledger on Tuesday. Mr. Baillan, and the other officers, crew, and passengers saved in the two boats arrived at Broad Cove and arrived here (Halifax) in the course of Tuesday. (It is stated that such important news was not immediately forwarded.)

On Wednesday 27th inst., Cape Race bearing N. W. by W. 65 miles distant, while running in a very thick fog, was struck on the larboard bow, about 60 yards from the bow, by an iron steamer, which made three large holes in the ship, two below the water, one of which was about five feet in length, and one or one and a half in width, leaving the whole cutter and part of the lower deck missing, and the ship in the Arctic's side. So dense was the fog that the vessel could not be seen a minute before the collision. The wheel was put hard to starboard, the engine stopped instantly, and backed at full speed until clear of the steamer, which then occupied a couple of minutes. The strange steamer seemed to be sinking bow first.

Capt. Luce immediately gave orders to clear away the quarter boats, which were done, and Mr. Genialy, chief officer, left the ship in the starboard boat, and on lowering the port boat, the captain, exclaimed, "Hold up that boat again, Mr. Baillan," and beckoned me to go to him. Upon doing so, he ordered me to go over the bow, to ascertain if the vessel was sinking, and had been done. I then found the holes above mentioned. Upon informing him of the fact, he gave orders to get the sails up from below, and endeavor to place them over the bow so as to stop the leak, which he kept doing, but with no advantage, so much of the bows and iron which had broken from the other steamer adhering to the Arctic and projecting beyond the planking, that the sails could not be brought close to the vessel's side.

The carpenter was then lowered over the bows, and pillows and mattresses passed down to him, to try, if possible, to close the holes with them, but the leak was found to be so far below the water line that the carpenter was unable to exert any power to stop the leak proved unavailing.

Capt. Luce then ordered the ship's head to be kept for the land, which bore N. W. by W. By this time the majority of the passengers, and the officer's boat and the other steamer, which we supposed had sunk. We had not been on our course more than four or five minutes before we ran over a boat and crew belonging to the other steamer, which of whom perished with the damage of one who caught hold of a rope hanging over the bow. Directly the boat was seen, orders were given to stop the engines, which the chief engineer said could not be done, as the ship was fast sinking. In about 30 minutes after the lower fires were out, and there were at least six feet of water in the ship fore and aft.

By this time the confusion among the passengers was very great, but they used all efforts to save themselves, and in keeping the deck pumps going, and in lighting the ship forward, for the purpose of endeavoring to get at the leaks from the inside, which efforts were found to be useless, and numbers of them going into the boat which the senior still held, and which was a very dangerous position. In forty-five minutes after the collision, I came up from the firehold, and informed Capt. Luce that the water was on a level with the lower deck beams, and that it was impossible to get at the leaks from the inside, and that the ship would be likely to be the fate of the ship, when he stated his belief to me that there was no hope of saving her. He then told me to see to my boats.

On going to the port side, I found them completely filled with men and women, and no possibility of getting near them. I immediately went to the starboard side, and ordered two of the crew to lower the guard-boat, and asked the senior what his boat was doing, and he replied that "the ship's fate should be his."

I then asked him if he would allow his son to go with us, as I intended to take a boat, but he returned me the answer that "he should share his fate."

It was soon discovered, however, that there was little hope of saving the Arctic, and the lady, daughter and son of Mr. E. K. Collins, with several ladies, were put on board a boat, and in the act of lowering the boat, the senior, who was a sailor holding fast to the bows of our boat to keep her steady to the wind and sea, and thus drifted into daylight. The night was cold and foggy, with a heavy swell, and, in a few minutes, the senior and half-naked condition, we suffered terribly.

Without dwelling upon our miseries, alleviated much by the consciousness that we had endeavored to do our duty to our fellow men, suffice it to say that at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, we were rescued by a small handkerchief to attract attention. We were successful. With the rude substitute for oars which we had constructed during the day by lashing planks to captain bars, with a view of rowing to gain land when the sea subsided, we pulled towards the ship. On our way we passed the remnant of the raft, with one man on it apparently alive.

The bark proved to be the Huron, of St. Andrews, N. B. Capt. A. Wall, bound for Quebec, with some of the Huron's crew, returned to the raft and rescued the poor fellow who for twenty-six hours had been exposed to the elements, and after the steamer sank he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at half-past 8 o'clock he was the only one alive in the morning two bodies were beside him, one man eaten by fishes, and at the time he saw our boat he was on the point of voluntarily dropping into the sea, to end his agony. Coming from the raft, Dorian encountered and examined the life car of the Arctic. It contained a box of water, some cheese and a lady's garment.

By the humane captain of the Huron, and Mr. Wellington Cameron, a son of the owner, we were received on board the Huron, and we were treated with kindness, and food and clothing provided in abundance. During the night of the 28th, Capt. Wall hung out extra lights, fired rockets, and kept a horn blowing, in hopes of falling in with the remnant of the boats. But the next day, when the boats were found, they were all empty. On the evening of the 29th, he spoke the ship Lebanon, Capt. Storey, bound for Baltimore, by whom eighteen of our number were taken off, kindly welcomed and well treated. We had no more news reached New York, by pilot boat Christian Berg, No. 16, to which we are under great obligations. The fate of the propeller and our five boats is unknown. Capt. Wall, of the Huron, on the morning of the 28th, saw a singular looking craft far to leeward, but was unable to tell whether she was a steamer or sailing vessel. He says she had a nondescript appearance, and may have been the wreck of the propeller.

Amongst the persons who were on the quarter-deck, whilst fastening life preservers on the females, and who must have sunk with the ship or perished on the raft, were Captain Luce and Mrs. E. K. Collins, Master Cook Collins, Miss Collins, Mr. Brown and family, (con-

## DREADFUL CALAMITY!

## Sinking of the Collins Steamship Arctic, and Loss of Upwards of 300 Lives!

The fate of the ocean steamer Arctic, which left Liverpool on the 20th ult., with about 250 passengers and a crew numbering in all 175 persons, which has been discussed in all quarters with interest and anxiety from the moment that she was first understood to be out of time, was fearfully revealed yesterday morning, by a report by telegraph from New York that she had sunk in collision with another steamer and had sunk, with a large portion of her passengers. The news came at a time when there was a universal inquiry whether anything had been "heard from the Arctic," and was received with general sensations of sorrow, and of painful curiosity with regard to the circumstances connected with the disaster.

The first report relating to the loss came from New York, where a pilot boat had arrived with 18 persons, who had taken passage in the Arctic at Liverpool and had fortunately been saved to tell the story of the danger and escape. They constituted a portion of the crew of one of the boats of the Arctic which had been picked up by bark Huron, of St. Andrews, Capt. Wall, bound to Quebec, and were afterwards transferred to ship Lebanon, Capt. Storey. The Lebanon was bound from Quebec to Baltimore, and put into New York harbor to land the Arctic survivors.

Mr. Geo. H. Burns, Express messenger of Adams & Co., was on board the Lebanon, and makes the following statement of the loss of the Arctic by Mr. Baillan, 24 officer, appeared in an extract of the Ledger on Tuesday. Mr. Baillan, and the other officers, crew, and passengers saved in the two boats arrived at Broad Cove and arrived here (Halifax) in the course of Tuesday. (It is stated that such important news was not immediately forwarded.)

On Wednesday 27th inst., Cape Race bearing N. W. by W. 65 miles distant, while running in a very thick fog, was struck on the larboard bow, about 60 yards from the bow, by an iron steamer, which made three large holes in the ship, two below the water, one of which was about five feet in length, and one or one and a half in width, leaving the whole cutter and part of the lower deck missing, and the ship in the Arctic's side. So dense was the fog that the vessel could not be seen a minute before the collision. The wheel was put hard to starboard, the engine stopped instantly, and backed at full speed until clear of the steamer, which then occupied a couple of minutes. The strange steamer seemed to be sinking bow first.

Capt. Luce immediately gave orders to clear away the quarter boats, which were done, and Mr. Genialy, chief officer, left the ship in the starboard boat, and on lowering the port boat, the captain, exclaimed, "Hold up that boat again, Mr. Baillan," and beckoned me to go to him. Upon doing so, he ordered me to go over the bow, to ascertain if the vessel was sinking, and had been done. I then found the holes above mentioned. Upon informing him of the fact, he gave orders to get the sails up from below, and endeavor to place them over the bow so as to stop the leak, which he kept doing, but with no advantage, so much of the bows and iron which had broken from the other steamer adhering to the Arctic and projecting beyond the planking, that the sails could not be brought close to the vessel's side.

The carpenter was then lowered over the bows, and pillows and mattresses passed down to him, to try, if possible, to close the holes with them, but the leak was found to be so far below the water line that the carpenter was unable to exert any power to stop the leak proved unavailing.

Capt. Luce then ordered the ship's head to be kept for the land, which bore N. W. by W. By this time the majority of the passengers, and the officer's boat and the other steamer, which we supposed had sunk. We had not been on our course more than four or five minutes before we ran over a boat and crew belonging to the other steamer, which of whom perished with the damage of one who caught hold of a rope hanging over the bow. Directly the boat was seen, orders were given to stop the engines







## TWENTY YEARS AGO

## The Story-Teller.

**THE BALLET-DANCER.**

was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women; but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one new whose turn would come next; and women, however true in heart, are too weak, in both power and strength, to stand by each other against a superior force. So Mabel had to bear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not a farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of fifteen shillings was wiped off. So she was threatened brutally, because she claimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a doorstep in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitter pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had never even been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty; in all that regarded her condition she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last worst secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for one in her life forgetting duty in feeling, someone else spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender manner voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly grey about his square forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve in the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something in a military attitude, and with much of a parental expression. "Why, how now, my child, what has happened?" he said kindly.

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

"Don't be frightened, my poor child, and I won't run away yet: I may be able to be of use to you, tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you." He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must perform confidence in. She felt that distrust would have been inefficacious; the false modesty of the prude, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely detailed the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two sovereigns, asking, at the same time, the address of the shop-keeper where she had been so ill-treated. She shrunk back.

"No, no!" she cried; "I am not receiving any money. Let me have my drop, but the gold will fall on the pavement. Hastily snatching it up, she met the man stopping at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and replied it gently.

"You are right, my child, he said; though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive no thanks. Still, as you do not know me, you can tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat which has brought you into so much trouble."

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this hint; and oh, how her poor forehead, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult, seemed to expand like a flower in the smile and the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these new words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes, smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks.

The stranger made a pretence of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two rejected sovereigns, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would "keep it for his best."

"Will you tell me where you live?" he then asked.

Mabel hesitated: she looked troubled.

"You are right," he said kindly; "and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you! Be a good girl, and all will come right."

"Good-bye, sir," said Mabel simply, looking up into his face.

"How great and handsome he is!" she thought.

"What a lovely little face!" said he, half aloud, "and what a good expression! Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure!" He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street.

Mabel watched him, and felt the most promising sunshine, and a sharp swift pang, over her, to think that he had seen him for the last time perhaps!

"And yet I did right," said she, turning away. "What would my poor father have said, if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly!"

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealised and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth of her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed to him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the two pounds from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slow-work at the prices paid for it was a mere waste of time; yet how to do so, that Nelly might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and held up her head with the best of them? Little did Nelly think of the bitter toil and patient, motherly care it took to keep her at school and clothe her so prettily; little did she know how dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her "darling Mabel," and tell her how far she had got in Fenelon and Cramer.

It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favorite was in the sunshine. If Nelly sorrowed, Mabel would have drooped.

"What to do?" This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were rain-

"For, the poor old lady was really touched—  
 "we are very sorry that you have so disagree-  
 yourself as you have done. No modest woman  
 could go on the stage. We thought better of  
 you. We have done as much for you as we  
 could; and I think if you had consulted our  
 feelings?"  
 "Yes, consulted our feelings," interrupted  
 Miss Lillias.  
 "And asked our advice," said Miss Priscilla  
 sharply.  
 "You would not have done such a wicked  
 thing," continued old Miss Wentworth, consid-  
 erably strengthened by these demonstrations.  
 "However, it is now too late to say anything  
 about it. The thing is over and done. But  
 you can not expect us to countenance such pro-  
 ceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you  
 must get work elsewhere. We can not have  
 our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts  
 made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting  
 young man far too bad an example." (Captain  
 John said no forty, but still "our boy" in his  
 old man's parlance.)  
 Mabel courted, and said nothing. Her  
 modest face and humble manner touched  
 ladies.  
 "Here," said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into  
 her hand the bread and butter, "take this  
 won't part in unkindness, at any rate."  
 Mabel kissed the shrivelled hand of the good  
 old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She  
 felt the choking tears swelling in her throat,  
 and she did not wish them to be seen. "She  
 did not want her reinstatement because she was  
 weak and whining," she said to herself; while  
 the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall  
 and said among themselves, that if it had not  
 been their boy, they would not have dismissed  
 her—but a young officer, and a ballet dancer!  
 Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the  
 pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same  
 moment with her own. She started, and then  
 smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly  
 noble face of her unknown friend.  
 "I am glad to see you again, sir," said Mabel  
 hurriedly, before she had given herself time to  
 think or recollect herself.  
 "Thank you. Then you have not forgotten  
 me?" he answered, with a gentle look and a  
 pleasant smile.  
 "The poor never forget their benefactors,"  
 said Mabel.  
 "Pshaw! what a foolish expression!"  
 "It is a true one, sir."  
 "Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you  
 please. I hate the word. And how has the  
 world been using you these three months?  
 It is just three months since I saw you last—  
 do you know that?"  
 "Yes," said Mabel—this time rather belon-  
 her breath.  
 "Well, how have you been getting on?"  
 "Badly at first, sir—better now."  
 "Better? Come, that's well! What are you  
 doing?"  
 "Dancing at the Theatre," said Mabel  
 with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into  
 his face, as if determined to be indifferent and  
 unconscious. The look was caught and under-  
 stood.  
 "A hazardous profession," he said gravely, but  
 very kindly.  
 "A disgraceful one. I know it," she answered.  
 "A cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.  
 "Disgraceful! No, no!"  
 "It depends so."  
 "That thought on the individual. I for one  
 don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world  
 I mean men who understand human nature, who  
 know that no profession of itself degrades a  
 man. If you are an honest-hearted woman, let  
 let-dancers will not make you anything else."  
 "Women don't look at it in this light," said  
 Mabel.  
 "Well, what then? The whole world is now  
 made up of women. There is something  
 higher than regard for prejudices, however re-  
 spectable, or for ignorance, however innocent."  
 "Yet we live by the opinion of women," she  
 turned Mabel.  
 "Tell me what you are alluding to. This is  
 not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain  
 What has happened to you?"  
 "My new profession, undertaken for my sister's  
 sake, and entered into solely as a means  
 of subsistence—as my only means of subsis-  
 tence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the  
 world, that I have lost my best friends by it."  
 "Tell me the particulars."  
 "The three old ladies at the villa."  
 "Ha, ah!" said the stranger.  
 "They have been, long kind to me. They  
 were to give me some work to-day, for the  
 nephew, a captain from India; and when they  
 knew that I was on the stage—for they asked  
 me what I was doing, and I could not tell  
 story—they forbade me the house, and told  
 away the money. I cannot blame them. They  
 are particular, innocent old women, and of course  
 it seemed very dreadful to them."  
 "And their nephew?"  
 "Oh, I don't know any thing about him.  
 never saw him," she answered carelessly.  
 "Indeed!" muttered the stranger.  
 "He has nothing to do with it."  
 "That I can swear to!" he said below his  
 breath.  
 "But they seemed to think worse of it, be-  
 cause I was to have worked for him. They said  
 it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-  
 dancer was allowed to do his work."  
 The stranger burst into a loud many laugh  
 then suddenly changing to the most gentle ten-  
 derness of manner, he began a long lecture  
 on the sensitiveness, and the necessity there was  
 in her circumstances, of doing what she thought  
 good, and being what she thought right, inde-  
 pendent of every person in the world. And  
 speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her  
 lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so  
 went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well  
 now, that she did not oppose his entering. It  
 was like her father, or an old friend.  
 The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety  
 that little room pleased him very much—it was  
 all such an index of a pure heart untouched  
 by the most dangerous calling; and as she sat in  
 full light, just opposite to him, and he could  
 her fresh, fair face in every line, he thought  
 had never seen a more beautiful Madonna face  
 than hers, and never met more sweet, pure,  
 innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position,  
 not but that she would weather all its shocks  
 and rooks bravely; still men do not like you  
 girls to be even tried. There is something  
 the very fact of trial which wounds the man-  
 nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was  
 much interested in Mabel—he was sorry for her  
 she: she was something like a young sister to  
 him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-  
 four—he might well feel tenderly towards  
 her! He should like to take her under his care  
 and shelter her from all the ills of life.  
 He was so pained for her, and interested in her,  
 that he would come again soon to see her. He  
 counsel might be of use to her, and his friend-  
 ship might comfort her, and make her feel less  
 lonely. He was quite old enough to come and  
 see her with perfect propriety—he was  
 as old as her father. And so, with all the  
 gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after  
 very long visit, bearing with him her grate-  
 thanks for his kindness, and modest hope that

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